

MATRIMONIAL  
OVERTURES,

FROM

AN ENAMOUR'D LADY,

TO

Lord G - - - G - - -

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LONDON:

Printed for J. BEW, in Pater-Noster-Row.

MCCLXXVIII.

MATRIMONIAL

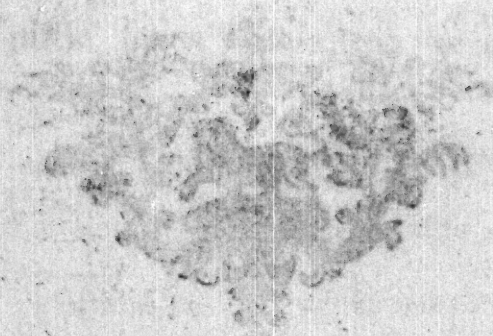
OVER TURE

FROM

THE ENAMOURD LADY

TO

LORD GILBERT



LONDON:

Printed for J. B. Lister-Noller-Ross

MCCCLVIII.





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T O

Lord G----- G-r m-----e.

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**M**UCH-lov'd G-rm---e, with kind attention view

The virgin's weakness who now sighs for you :

Ah, let thy D'Eon's first-born fondness move,

And Pity's self importunate for love !

Long did this heart, relentless, scorn to yield,

Nor felt a wound except in honour's field ;

Long too my sex and weakness both unknown,

I blush'd to tell, what now I burn to own.

Ah, hapless D'Eon ! must the stubborn heart

That brav'd rude Mars, now shrink at Cupid's dart ?

B

Yet

Yet thus the gods decree---and thou, G-RM---E,  
 Art the dear author of my sacred flame!  
 Could but our hands in wedlock's ties combine,  
 Not Fancy's self could paint a bliss like mine  
 The happy union Britain's state would feel,  
 A glorious bulwark of the public weal.  
 Should in the field our talents once unite,  
 Thou canst retreat, and I, G-rm---e, can fight :  
 Alike in council would our powers be great,  
 Thy daring rashness now o'eturns the state :  
 There should my sex's timidness appear,  
 And, ev'n G--m---e, should be surpass'd in fear.  
 Tho' now he braves the terrors of the war,  
 And spurns at danger---when the *battle's far*.  
 In Stephen's chappel, gallant, fierce and great,  
 He looks intrepid on a legion's fate :  
 Hears Mars's thunder, eyes the flying ball,  
 And dares the rebel cannon---at *Whitehall*.  
 His dauntless soul could deck the face with smiles,  
 Were ARNOLD's self within---two thousand miles ;

Nor



Nor in *Pall-Mall* could ought disturb his ease,  
 Tho' HOPKINS cruize within the British *seas*.

Come then, my love ! my hero, come away !  
 In D'Eon's arms thy prowess all display.  
 In vain attended by a nation's hate,  
 Disgrace and scorn on all thy steps await.  
 In vain they doubt how most thy country's curse,  
 Bad as a gen'ral, as a statesman worse.  
 Yet D'Eon burns, and every pow'r will move,  
 To rouse thy feelings, and awaken love.  
 Should I again assume the manly form,  
 Perchance dubiety of sex might warm :  
 Or canst thou hear a woman's weakness sue,  
 Who loses all things if she loses you ?

Think too, dear swain (and let the thought engage)  
 How such a nuptial would delight the age :  
 The rites perform'd by that wise dean, who made  
*Party* his god, and his religion *Trade* ;

What glorious scenes, what visits would ensue,  
 Vows how sincere, and compliments how true!  
 My glowing heart anticipates delight,  
 To think what lordly verse C-RL--LE would write;  
 Arm'd cap-a-pee in coat of tinsel'd mail,  
 His Arab skin should breathe the musky gale :  
 And ambidexter, fighting beauties feel,  
 His head itself less fatal than his heel.\*  
 Thrice happy youth ! a mad'ning crowd demands  
 The soothing pow'rs of thy *Orpbean* hands :  
 Go, and display those arts which sense denote,  
 Chuse *Putnam's* wig, and fashion *Arnold's* coat ;  
 Repair the mischiefs of the tardy H--e's,  
 With tales of cocks and bulls, or *famish'd cows*.†  
 Next *Johnson's* self in letter'd pride, should bring  
 The stiffest plume that grows in *Hermes'* wing :  
 With sterling sense, impall'd in buckram dress,  
 Like the vast farthingale of good queen Bess ;

\* See a debate in the House concerning red-heeled shoes.

† The Duchess of Devonshire's Cow, a poem.



He in tremendous sounds can all excell,  
 Whose every page takes half a year to spell;  
 Words that defy *Gargantua's* mouth to speak,  
 The monstrous spawn of *Anglo-Celtic Greek*.

Then come your *B-te's*, *M-rphy's*, and *Shebbeares*;  
 With the long tribe of pension'd pamphleteers;  
 These but petition Favour's golden ray,  
 And as in duty bound shall ever pray.  
 To these who write, behold what trains succeed,  
 Gay, courtly trains, who neither write or read;  
 First of the rank by merit, as by place,  
 Great N\*\*\* displays his wise expressive face;  
 Whose mighty pains have found the art to sever  
 BRITANNIA'S crown for ever and for ever:  
 Thus the brave youth who *Dian's* temple fir'd,  
 By steps all negative to fame aspir'd;  
 Thus with each wreath atrocious deeds can give,  
 In blood and rapine his renown shall live.

Then pious *S-ndw-ch* whose unblushing face,  
 Dar'd boast the honest merits of his place :  
 With fervent *prayers* our happiness should view,  
 Prayers most acceptable from being *new* ;  
 Angels would waft them with a wild amaze,  
 And heav'n must listen when a *S-ndw-ch* prays.  
 The moral S\*\*\*\* who blasphemes his god,  
 And deems wild *Indians* his avenging rod ;  
 Who looks unmov'd on *Tomahawks* and blood,  
 Since *Nature* sent them for his master's good,  
 Shall lose awhile the image of MAC REE,\*  
 In warmth of heart to my G-rm--ne and me.  
 D-RT---TH deep vers'd in laws of holy writ,  
 For us ST. PETER and ST. PAUL shall quit ;  
 Shall leave his pocket-bible on the shelf,  
 And trust the flock of canting to himself.  
 M--CH, R-CHF-RD, D--NB--GH, and a thousand more,  
 Shall give us joy, who ne'er gave joy before.  
 L-TT--T-N's self shall praise, and 'tis no matter,  
 Though half the world esteem his praise *a satire*.

Add

\* An Explanation of giving *Stretch* to *Indians*.

Vide Gen. Gates's Letter to Burgoyne.



Add to these Scenes that *Scotland's* self shall pour  
A little myriad from her barren shore.

O, wondrous nation, long in arms renown'd,

Blest spot, with honour and with science crown'd!

Fruitful, in virtues, probity, and parts,

The clearest heads, the warmest, bravest hearts;

'Tis thine in truth, in learning to excel:

To act, to know, do all *but govern well*.

Forth from thy rocks proceeds th' unpolish'd hind,

The simplest manners, with the chastest mind;

An heart humane, that beats at mis'ry's call,

And giving *pity*---gen'rous gives *his all*.

Pure in his morals, in his soul sincere,

Less bright in talents than in judgment clear;

Yet good and just, that nature's parent eyes,

View him thus far with rapture and surprize.

But, ah, sad balance! Lo, with these he brings

*A mean idolatry for courts and kings.*

On clannish principles inur'd a slave,

Forgets th' intrinsic worth that nature gave;

To *Drummond's* care at first he comes consign'd,  
 And some clerk's place enjoys his soaring mind;  
 Then writes his friends, and charms each wond'ring ear,  
 With splendid tales of thirty pounds a year.  
 Now uninform'd he roams the town along,  
 Fawning on each smart 'prentice in the throng;  
 And, struck with awe, un-bonnets in the streets,  
 To every gay lac'd livery he meets;  
 Kneels to *supporters*, though on Hackney Coach;  
 And prostrates at the *trumpeter's* approach.

Grown more expert, at length, though scarce more wise,  
 Scarce less absurd to reason's candid eyes;  
 Through his whole life the same achievements reign,  
 Exchange their objects, but their views retain.  
 At distance now his lordship's carriage charms,  
 He studies *heraldry*, and knows the arms;  
 Then of each *Fameely* he learns the date;  
 And bred at *Glasgow* mottoes can translate:

Visite



Visits the butler, but is fore afraid  
To risk expence, and court my lady's maid.

At length, attendance and obsequious care,  
The wish'd-for road to mightier scenes prepare :  
His daily pains my Lord's remark engage,  
Who finds him toilful, vigilant, and sage ;  
Then once appointed, honours croud in fast,  
Agent, contractor, member too at last.  
Fixt in the house, staunch firmness fills his seat,  
Nor shifts, till ministers themselves are beat :  
Then to the next of course his votes belong,  
And gain most merit when most grossly wrong :  
Therefore by certain consequence they're best,  
When *R--bm--d*, *Ch-th-m*, *R-ck-ngh-m* protest.

Now shine the honours of the northern race,  
Haughty in office; servile in disgrace ;  
With slavish tenets, lust of power ally'd :  
Mean avarice, and consequential pride.

Would ye, kind gods, a gen'rous bounty send,  
 Some un plac'd Scot, Oh, let me call my friend !  
 Give such the helm in every rival state,  
 Whose hostile grandeur merits *Gallia's* hate :  
 But e'er *Scotch* councils should my country guide,  
 Be *Turkey*, *Barb'ry*, or th' *Inferna's* try'd.

Mark hence, my love, what crouds to us would bend,  
 Our greatness worship, and our steps attend.  
 Has this no weight ? Will not G-R-M--NE agree,  
 And feel these motives to enforce my plea ?  
 If not, behold a weeping virgin sue,  
 Trusting the wonders female charms can do.  
 And such is beauty's power o'er plaintive strains,  
 Our bosoms realize what *Hartley* feigns.  
 When *Evelina* mourns th' impending stroke,\*  
 What breast but burns to save the *sacred oak* ?  
 And when *Andromache* takes leave of joy, †  
 Pit, Boxes, Gall'ries, all crusade to *Troy*.

\* In *Caractacus*.

† In the *Distressed Mother*.



Canst thou, my love, be more unkind than they?  
 When D'Eon's tongue pours forth th' expressive lay?  
 How happy she, to view such dangers past,  
 If nat'raliz'd an English wife at last;  
 Blest clime! now quitting freedom's idle dance,  
 With wiser tenets near approaching *France*;  
 Where *Bills of Right*, and *Charters* near forgot,  
 A regal rule forebodes a happier lot.  
 Where *Newton* once pervaded light and skies,  
 And now philosophers hunt *butterflies*.  
 Whose very books to fashion wisely leaning,  
 For stile and period barter strength and meaning;  
 Whose bards as wisely make a just pretence  
 To florid *sound*, neglecting vulgar *sense*.  
 These are thy honours; ---that by modern fires,  
 The feeble gleam of ancient worth expires.

When stranger first I landed on thy coast,  
 And fought those names which once were *Albion's* boast;  
*Virtue* I found diffus'd o'er all the nation,  
 Sublimely great----in ev'ry dedication.

In *Chastity* how British dames excel,  
*Tenducci* and *Jack Cavendish* could tell.  
*Temp'rance* was indispos'd from having eat  
 Six pounds of venison at a city treat.  
 Immortal *Honour*, rich in brother's blood,  
 Fresh from a duel, here tremendous stood;  
*Justice* lay still, for *Justice* never sees,  
*Sight* is supplied by *Feeling*---for the fees,  
*Good-breeding* scarce one knew, but all referr'd  
 To *Dr. J-bn--n* to explain the word.  
 Meek *Charity* sat weeping in the stocks,  
 Only for having robb'd the alms-house box.  
*Splendour* had quitted all his banners gay,  
 For peaceful scenes of butter-milk and whey;  
 His noble mansion fill'd so wondrous fast,  
 It left no room to hold himself at last.\*  
 Ungen'rous *Saville* too had just left town,  
 And carried *Worth* and *Patriot Ardour* down;  
 But yet I found, that *Genius*, resting there,  
 Lodg'd in *St. George's* fields, for wholesome air.

There

\* This is thought to have happened in *Portman-Square*; for further particulars enquire of Messrs. *Chr-stic* and *Anf-ll*.



There *Liberality* adorned the throne,  
 Thy feats, great G\*, proclaimed her all thine own :  
 Thy councils firm, and wise, and just, have giv'n  
 To western shores the choicest boon of heav'n ;  
 The *rising states* with grateful rapture see,  
 They owe their darling liberty to thee ;  
 Hence to thy name each glorious Pæan rings,  
 The wisest statesman, and *the best of kings*.

Conceive, G-rm--ne, the happy union ty'd,  
 Thou still array'd in ministerial pride ;  
 Think then how bright would D'Eon's talents shine,  
 In rule despotic, if ally'd with thine.  
 Then more than H--- shouldst thou delay the fight :  
 Then should my pen B-rg--ne himself outwrite :  
 Who darts terrific syllables from far,  
 The *Gronon-Hothon-Thologos* of war :  
 Could one believe the mighty things he wrote,  
 He'd force each rebel down his neighbour's throat ;

Like

Like *Wantley's* dragon swallow towns and houses,  
 Whilst milder *Indians* only eat their spouses.  
 Troth he has led (and may like *Falstaff* tell)  
 His Ragamuffins where they're pepper'd well;  
 Yet Justice owns those gallant troops demand  
 The freshest laurels from their country's hand:  
 She mourns her sons who bravely met their fate,  
 The end mistaken, though the means were great.  
 Valour alone to virtuous man is giv'n,  
 But victory depends on *right* and heav'n.  
 Then led by us, should *Albion's* sons unite,  
 Aweful in peace, and terrible in fight;  
 Then in *Hyde Park* great G\* shou'd take the field,  
 Bid squadrons charge, and flying link-boys yield;  
 And brave in person all the direful war,  
 Secure of laurels gain'd without a fear.  
 O wondrous valour without chance of fear!  
 Ev'n thou, G-RM--NE, might'st be a soldier here.  
 Then too each year should gallant war-ships ride,  
 Their m-n-rch's playthings, once their country's pride;

Ships



Ships all bedizen'd in Rag-Fair array,  
 Should charm the S-v-r---N and delight Miss R-;  
 Whilst neighbouring shores, with peaceful cannon ring  
 The rattles, not the reasons of a king.\*  
 Then on my lips all soft persuasion hung,  
 Sage truths should issue from a woman's tongue :  
 To N--tb I might suggest---“ Preserve your head,  
 “ The laws of gravity preponderate lead ;  
 “ It totters now, a people's wrath may rise,  
 “ Dreadful, and quick as light'ning from the skies.”  
 To S--dw--b cry, “ Beware of speculation ;  
 “ Tower-Hill is dangerous when one robs a nation.”  
 To M---f---d whisper soft, “ My Lord, retire,  
 “ Whilst courts attentive listen and admire ;  
 “ Bear off th' applause, so well, so justly won,  
 “ Nor trust the weakness of a setting sun.  
 “ Already those who mark'd its noon-tide ray,  
 “ Observe meridian brilliancy decay ;

\* *Ultima ratio regum*, was the inscription on the cannon of Lewis XIV.

" And mournful own, the petulance of age,  
 " Drives nervous sense and quickness from the stage.  
 " Be timely wise, in parliament remain,  
 " Where thou hast nought to lose and much to gain ;  
 " A fate reverse attends thy judgment-seat,  
 " There all thy fame, thy honours are complete :  
 " Secure the wreaths already past their prime,  
 " Nor trust thy laurels to destructive Time."

O, come, *G-r-m---e*, the future greatness see,  
 That beams from *D'Eon*, and irradiates thee !  
 Shall *Chatbam*, still my country's bane and hate,  
 Be stil'd the Saviour of the British state ?  
 Uncheck'd, must sturdy *Effingham* impart,  
 The honest dictates of a foldier's heart ?  
 O, could but England boast her own *Bastile* !  
 Should *Richmond* dare consult the public weal,  
 And think with numbers to contest the field ;  
 Virtue his Gothic armour, truth his shield :

And



Annexing merit not to founds, but things,  
Should he attack the sacred power of kings?  
And, but ally'd with reason, spite of odds,  
Defy all ministers, their *demi-gods* :  
Whilst they entrench'd in soft corruption's charms,  
" Are confident against a world in arms."  
Yet does he storm, and fume, and rage, and swear,  
As if these days requir'd a patriot's care :  
Shall he dare this? though doom'd to future shame,  
With *Russel's*, *Sidney's*, *Hampden's* hated name!  
Patience assist me! if thy powers can reach  
From where B-rg--ne once gave his *Indians* stretch :  
Else mournful rest by Saratoga's floods,  
*Maid of the Oaks* in trans-atlantic woods.  
Thy wiser line, O N\*\*\*, to Fortune lends,  
And wealth from thee in splendid streams descends ;  
Her lessons teach which plan is truly right,  
To serve for pay, or volunteer the fight.

D

Will

Will my G-RM--NE not long to see his wife  
Lead all the *ton*, and govern modish life?  
With fame in arms that *Orleans* maid outvies,  
With critic skill that M-NT-GUE defies;  
Whose true politeness Sp-c-r should exceed,\*  
Or rival B-mf-de in a courser's breed:  
Of stallions judge from pedigree and keep,  
And boldly bid ten guineas for a leap.  
Not D-v-nsh-re herself like me should sway,  
The realms of taste and fashions of the day:  
Though every nodding plume appears to spring  
From chosen spot of *Cupid's* painted wing,  
Whilst younger Loves in smiling groups together,  
With joyous revels sport on every feather.  
Oh, be thou kind, and then the world shall see,  
These more than equal'd, nay eclips'd by me.

\* This is supposed an Allusion to the humane Politeness of an Advertisement concerning an Accident at Ranelagh, which trifling Attention gained Lady C\* S\* the Esteem of all who saw it.

Enough



Enough, G-rm--ne, too much has love betray'd,  
 The tender feelings of a doating maid !  
 My love, my hero, my delight, impart  
 Which magic title most can touch thy heart !  
 Full charg'd with glory, once by change of name,  
 Thy modest wishes strove to stifle fame ;  
 And, Oh, too happy now, once more you view  
 As cogent reasons to baptize anew.  
 Yet whether *Minden's* name delight thine ear,  
 Or *Saratoga's* must proclaim thee peer ;  
*Britannia's* faithful annals shall retain  
 The feats achiev'd by S-CKV-LLE and G-RM--NE.

View then these Tears just starting from my eyes,  
 ,Midst burning blushes that around them rise ;  
 Like pearly-dew-drops on some blooming thorn,  
 Seen through the gauzey veil of April morn ;  
 Ah, let those tears, those burning blushes speak,  
 Where language fails, and eloquence is weak !  
 I am no *Amazon* in hostile arms,  
 No *Gallic* foe portending war's alarms !

But

But a fond maid, who woos thee to her breast,  
No field of danger, but a scene of rest;  
There no rude sounds, no drum but love's shall beat,  
'Tis what G-R-M--NE adores-----a safe retreat.

11: 7: 19

F I N I S.

